I cannot seriously undertake a piece of work unless I am sure of being able to continue it tomorrow.

(I don't know what these notes will mean to me later on, for most of the time I put into them only a dry indication of how I have spent my time during the day. Yet I do not want to interrupt them; I shall persevere in this method until I leave for Cuverville in a week.)

Wednesday

At my age and after the experiences of G., of R., and of so many others, I am still unable to defend myself against the temptation of a no*ble gesture.* Immediately after doing it, I should like to take it back. That's all

I have just lunched with Felix-Paul Greve; a fatiguing lunch and without any great interest. I come away drunk, having let myself drink and smoke too much during the too prolonged silences. I' write these lines while waiting for Bourgerie in the lawyer's office. I have to consult him on behalf of poor dear old La P&rouse, who is worried and would like to add a codicil to his will in favor of his grandson. With all the lucidity of my best days I could not succeed in untangling anything in all this. In the confusion of mind in which I am today, these complicated matters give me an almost physical discomfort; I am sweating; I have a headache; I should like to bathe in the Eurotas.

Francis Jammes, who had entrusted to me his manuscript *(Le Podte et sa femme*) with the understanding that I was free to publish it in this number or the following one, in one or several installments, wrote me, as soon as I was back, that he intended to be published all at one time and right away.[12] Boylesve's article (on Rebell) having arrived, the number goes twenty pages beyond the limit. Verrier, Ducote's secretary, writes to Francis Jammes that, to their great regret,

they will be obliged to cut his piece. Jammes will not hear of it. Let them send the manuscript back to him or else let it appear all together; moreover, he adds, he is fed up with *such higglings." They are forced to make up a number of eighty pages instead of sixty, and this "higgling" costs Ducot<§ a hundred and fifty francs.

The weather is so hot, so beautiful, that I go out again after dinner, though already dead tired. Yet no restlessness drives me out this evening; I go out "in order not to have a bad conscience later on"; Em. makes this terrible remark as she herself urges me to go out.

[12] The magazine ia question is the *Ermitage.* Jammes's *The Poet and His Wife,* verse pky in three acts, appeared in the issue for June 1905.